

## Star Wars

### Wizard's RPG Stories

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#### Home of Wisdom

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In the Cularin forests is an honored dwelling known as the Home of Wisdom, where the Tarasin make decisions of the greatest importance. Now, irstat leaders gather at the Home to hear Mother Dariana's vision of a coming storm and "a great thing that must be done." Check it out in our latest supplement to the Living Force campaign!

Among the trees of the Hiironi irstat is a dwelling woven from the strongest branches the Cularin forests can offer. This hut is clean and dry, well sheltered from the sweeping rains and the sheerest winds. The Tarasin honor this dwelling and speak of it only with the greatest reverence, calling it the "Home of Wisdom." They consider any conversation held in this hut to be sacred, any decisions made there to be mandates from Cularin itself.

Few outside the Tarasin tribes know this, but many of the decisions that have shaped their people have come from this tiny hovel of branch and straw. It was here that the Tarasin first decided to approach Reidi Artom, planned their rebellion against the forces of enslavement brought to them from the stars, and communally decided to accept the presence of outsiders on their world rather than go to war.

This small hut has been the focal point for many important events on Cularin, far more than the aliens who dwell on that planet realize. The decision made there today will also affect the fate of many, Tarasin and alien alike. The Force creates junctions in space and time, places where fate is decided for millions or billions through a chance meeting, an epic conflict, or - - in the case of the Home of Wisdom this day - - a dream and those enlightened enough to take it for what it might mean.

They came in quietly, footpads brushing silently against the smooth back of the well-worn floor. The leaf flaps at the entrance swished closed behind them, letting in only a few stray beams of moonlight. They were high enough up that the dense canopy of the forest was mostly beneath them. Above lay the open stars and the infinite night sky. Silver light from outside was quickly overwhelmed by the rich gold of the hut's central fire and its leaping arcs of yellow and white.

"My thanks for coming. It has been a long run for most of you, so I will make this brief." Mother Dariana's voice shook with the weight of age, but she looked more vibrant now than she had in some time. Whatever she had to say must have been important to rouse her from the shelter of her sleeping den. The Mother did not call them often; when she did, they always came as quickly as they could.

Tonight was no exception. Some of them were still hissing slightly, their kampos flared to help shed the excess heat of their midnight run. Dariana's Keepers watched them all closely. The leaders of the irstats did not always get along, and gathering them so swiftly could only lead to flaring tempers. Mother Dariana's calming presence seemed to be keeping things under control, but each of them knew how quickly that could change. Members of the Tarasin species

"I have had a se'neth." Her words put an immediate hush to the murmuring in the room. A se'neth was not just any dream; the Mother would have called it by that name only if she believed it was a true vision. The power of the land was as strong in her as it had been in any Tarasin for as long as any could remember, but se'neth were rare, even for her. They always foretold great events. Leaning in close, the gathered tribal leaders eagerly waited for Dariana to share her vision.

"I have spoken of the storm to you before. I have seen it again, but this time I have watched the wind more carefully. The great storm will wash over us all, but I see now that it rages in the stars as well as in the sky. The dark storm clouds will reach our world, but they do not come from here."

This began the murmurs again. One young Tarasin female flushed a mottled blue and pink before asking quietly, "Can we stop the storm, Mother?"

The aged wise woman shook her head sadly. "No, my child. We can only hope to survive it. But that is not why I called you here today. We must look to the future, and my se'neth has shown me a great thing that must be done."

That got all of the Tarasin's attention, and silence reigned in the Home of Wisdom. Everyone present, even the youngest and newest to their positions as community leaders, knew that if this had involved only their race, Dariana would have sent runners in the morning. No, this meeting was about something more. Something greater.

"These trees, and the great power that binds them and us to the land, will shelter us from the worst of the storm. Its terrible eye will fall over us soon, and there will be chaos, not calm, in its wake. Before this happens, we must prepare the way."

She fell silent again, and as the seconds slipped past, her Keepers feared she might have fallen asleep. Her great age and the events of the last few years weighed so heavily on her that her flesh grew weaker with each passing season. Just as her lead Keeper reached forth, one of the other irstat leaders spoke. "The way for what?"

She answered before the Keeper touched her. "For everyone."

#### Living Force Campaign Game Notes

As of the end of March, there will be no further Force Apprentices given out by the Living Force campaign staff. Young beings in the Cularin system with talent in the Force will simply not be available for recruitment. They begin vanishing a few at a time from wherever they live, and none of their friends or family is alarmed by their disappearance. Heroes with connections in the Hiironi irstat have been cautioned not to inquire after these

"younglings" or look for them at this time.

"They are the future, and they must be protected from the eye of the storm."